

Ordinarily, I like whip it out,

my library card, but cheap books
by celebrities, instant classics
of Beltway blowjobs and sex

novels by priests shiver my
timbre. My other, significant or no,
depending on the moment, is Tantric

or tantrum. I refuge in the spiritual, entirely
reclusive, talking only to convenience

store clerks, who, blessedly, give two
shits about nothing.